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MAY FLOWERS.

Snowy white, as lily's chalice
In the sunshine's golden day,
Is thy purity unspotted,
Virgin Mother, Queen of May..

Sad, like to the passion-flower
Climbing slowly on a stalk,
Thou didst take, dear, doleful Mother,
Up to Golgatha thy walk.

Blue, the violet's humble color
Was thy garb of penance, Maid,
Though the Prince of sin and sorrow
Thy pure soul has never swayed.

Ruddy, as the rose is ruddy,
All diffused with holy love,
Glowed thy heart, that strove incessant
From earth's thorns to rise above.

And, like that secluded flower
Near the brooklet, happy spot,
May thy name be ever calling,
Calling e'er: "Forget-me-not."

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03..

VANITY FAIR.

"The most violent passions grant us a respite, but vanity never rests."

Critics have divided the modern novel into four great classes; the historical, the artistic, the idealistic, and the realistic. Of these different forms the least perfect is the historical, the artistic is given third place, and opinion differs as to the superiority of the realistic or of the idealistic.

The most noted novelists of modern times have followed the realistic school, adding to this the qualities of the artistic more than of any other. Though critics have given George Eliot the dictatorial position in the creation of the realistic novel, yet she lacks many of the perfections that are found in the works of Thackeray and Dickens.

Thackeray was one of the first writers of fiction to make his novels serve as a medium for moral reform. He was one of the first to boldly censure high society; he was the best satirist of his time. The writers of the realistic novel are accustomed to center their plot upon comparatively few characters, hardly passing beyond the family circle. Thackeray departed from this custom in his *Vanity Fair*. He introduces characters of every description. His grand "Fair" represents the world, and as such all characters must appear. The King, courtiers, and all down to the lowest parasite of royalty are his nobility, and this is his field of work. All appear for a share of his satire and scorn. The rest of the world has been left to Dickens, and though they both sometimes overreach their boundries, it would seem as if they had

made an agreement between themselves to castigate the entire universe, at least England by their writings, Thackeray to take the wealthy, and Dickens the lowly. His characters are really puppets, as he fitly calls them in his preface to *Vanity Fair*. They often seem to lack the higher principles of the soul, they seem to be tossed about by a species of human instinct, or even if you may call it a soul, it is far from possessing that beauty, grandeur and majesty, which it should possess as an image of the Eternal.

But we cannot blame Thackeray for his characterizations; they are, sad to say, very real, he only sets them into a background of incidents. Thackeray's life gave him every opportunity for learning the people he so truly pictures to us in his *Vanity Fair*. During his travels and various experiences he was always in possession of that keen observation and good power of inference of which his later writings gave the proof. Many have attempted to draw the monsters that pervade the realms of high society, "of those that bask in the emperial sun," but just as many, less the author of *Vanity Fair*, have failed. They have shown their grossness, it is true, but in a manner that would make us pity them; Thackeray has caused us to despise them. He has pictured to us a Marquis of Steyne as no other ever dared to attempt before, and he placed him before us like Cicero did Catiline in the Senate of Rome; he has framed him in the most bitter paragraphs of satire the human mind can invent. He has pictured to us what every man might suspect, but what no

man would have his mind dwell on. He has guided us through without touching the worst, but becoming well aware of it. Thackeray claimed to have no brains above his eyes. In part, it is true, the artistic part of *Vanity Fair* is not very conspicuous, but he has shown it in his other works. Much of the ideal is shown in the combination of the incidents as they progress in his masterpiece. All the motives that incite his characters are tinged with hypocrisy, even the best qualities, if they cannot be covered by some bad trait, they are reduced to a spirit of hypocrisy.

In *Vanity Fair* the characters develop through the entire work. One that has not read the entire work is not acquainted with the entire character. In this the charm of the work consists. On every page we are introduced to some new trait; this is especially noticeable in the heroine. Many novelists base their works on incidents and develop their characters on the very first pages, and consequently the artistic part of the novel fails more or less and the interest of the novel lags, unless there be a well-founded and well-drawn plot.

Thackeray's style and the general progression of the incidents possess a certain hidden charm. *Vanity Fair* is the history of the doings of a certain class of people whose private affairs are much hidden from the outside world. The time of the development continues from almost an entire generation. Each chapter contains enough matter for the creation of another novel. It is this that makes the book interesting from the preface to the last page; it is one succession of inci-

dents, character development, and novel ideas, rather than a general plot. Though we may generally surmise what the next chapter may contain, Thackeray always surprises us with some feature or manner of presentation to which we are unaccustomed. We have seen many of the things he mentions, but we have never noticed the many little colorings that accompany them. All this the author shows us, but all is again covered with a film of satire, pleasant but full of meaning. We see all through a colored glass, or a magic hood that discloses all to us in a novel light, and often so sarcastic as to make us shudder to see humanity so described.

In *Vanity Fair* we see people as they appear in public and in private, or as the author says in the preface, "before and behind the scenes." But still we do not learn their inner motives, we only begin to know these when they develop into plots. To the author of *Vanity Fair* the world is the world and nothing more; "it is not a moral place, nor a merry one, but very noisy." Speaking of the "Fair" to which he is about to introduce his readers, he says:—"There are scenes of all sorts, some dreadful combats, some grand and lofty horse-riding, some scenes of high life, and some of very middling indeed; some love-making for the sentimental, and some light comic business; the whole accompanied by appropriate scenery, and brilliantly illuminated by the authors own candles." A very good description of Thackeray's world set into his own frame-work of incidents, and brought out in relief by his power of description. Thacker-

ay's world is one of vanity and fickleness, money and trickery, but nothing higher. Thackeray possesses the art of glozing over such incidents as might prove disinteresting to the reader. When he does not employ this quality, he is sure to present incidents of trifling importance in a most pleasant light. But in this latter trait he is far inferior to Dickens; still he is "gossiping, hinting, laughing, crying, as the narrative proceeds." The very first paragraph of the novel interests the reader, he finds that he has begun the perusal of a work of more than common merit.

The general impression of the novel upon the casual reader is one of indifference, but to the critical reader the novel is a study that will never be forgotten. It is as mysterious as the plots of Shakespeare, it is, in some sense of the word, dealing with life and passions sacred to humanity. The novel was written to castigate the great of England, and as such alone it will remain a classic. It was a terrible warning-note, piercing the breasts of persons long dead to the voice of righteousness and true beauty. It presents the appearance of a flaming sword when examined critically, though many will receive it as an exceptional attempt at sarcasm and satire. The Becky Sharps of this 'world of vanity' can only be reached by such means, and this is the reason why *she* is the heroine, that she may be conspicuous above the rest and arouse our disgust to the extreme. Ah, the chaste, innocent, unpretending, unselfish Rebecca Sharp, how often does this little 'puppet' not fall and rise in obedience to the

whims of the author of *Vanity Fair*? What role of selfishness, hypocritical to the very finest shadings does this creation present to our view? These Becky Sharps are in every class of society; you may meet them anywhere, and it is no despicable accomplishment to avoid them. Thackeray's principles are applicable to every stage of society, because they are creations of human passions and not of individuals. Becky Sharp is the personification of uneducated talent.

In the whole work we can discern a coloring of melancholy. Indeed, a writer has called *Melancholia* the genius of modern literature. We only know the cause of this melancholy after reading the very last paragraph of the work, which is so full of meaning:—"Oh, *Vanitas Vanitatum*! Which of us is happy in the world? Which of us has his desire, and having it, is satisfied? Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

As Thackeray shows us the world in *Vanity Fair*, it would truly be a *Vanitas Vanitatum*! And *Melancholia* must govern the genius of a man who surveys the world in such a manner. A world that has Christianity in its bosom cannot be submitted to such a view; many are the beauties of character that Thackeray did not reveal, that would cover all these trivial vanities and make man a thing of grandeur instead of a mere puppet in the hands of a novelist. In this very fact the plot of *Vanity Fair* seems to lie; this seems to be the aim and moral vein of the novel. His characters are true in themselves and they were in-

tended to show what the world might be without noble motives to incite man to higher things than the mere chasing of phantoms, as he has made his characters do in *Vanity Fair*. He has shown us the misery of the world without the hopes of a better hereafter; he has shown us that hope is the anchor of man's happiness. His novel was intended to make man reflect, to make him aware of the fact that there is a Higher Power governing the destinies of man and, that "life is more than an empty dream; that it is real and earnest, and that the grave is not its goal."

I. A. Wagner, '04.

HAIL, HOLY QUEEN !

Hail, Queen of May!
The highest Seraphim surround thy throne;
Grant that we may
Praise thee as they
With songs of joy here at thy holy shrine,
In ringing tone.

Hail, Virgin blest!
A blooming wreath around her bridal brow,
Upon her breast
Sweet roses rest,
Fair Nature homage pays to thee, her Queen,
From moss and bough.

There at thy feet
We plead for mercy to thy maiden heart;
We humbly greet,
O maiden sweet,
With hymns of joy to-day thy virgin Name,
How fair thou art!

CHIVALRY.

IN every age and land, no matter how untaught or savage the people may be, valor is always held in high esteem, and the more rude the period and the place, the greater respect and consideration is paid to boldness of enterprise and success in battle. Chivalry was a natural outgrowth of its age, and it was peculiar to this institution to blend military honor with the strongest passions that actuate the human soul,—devotion and love. These same noble feelings, however, were not the actuating motives and principles that inspired its origin, which may be said to have been co-eval with the introduction of cavalry in warfare, but simply the love of gain and adventure.

Taken in its primitive sense, chivalry is derived from the French word, *chevalier*, signifying a soldier or knight who fought on horseback. Even with the savages and barbaric tribes of the north, as Tacitus informs us, the soldier who furnished and supported a charger was held in peculiar esteem and accounted far superior in gallantry to his less opulent comrades in arms, even though his exploits did not surpass their own. In consequence of this, they were more liberally rewarded and received a fourth of the spoils more than their companions. The *Equites* of ancient Rome formed a distinct order for the protection of the king and the commonwealth. The regulations of the Conquerors of New Spain made a special provision for their knights and show very clearly in what high regard their valor was held.

But the period in which chivalry is the characteristic of all its people; in which it blazed forth into uncommon brilliancy, is the period preceding and continuing during the Middle-Ages. It was also under feudalism, established during the reign of Charles the Bald, of France, that chivalry attained to high proportions, though the too absolute and independent power of the chiefs served more to diminish than increase its vigor. The ancient Greeks and Romans fought for liberty and conquest, and the knights of the Middle Ages for God, their ladies, and loyalty. Generosity and gallantry,—noble virtues, were carried to the highest degree of perfection, though this perfection oftentimes degenerated into downright absurdity. Knight-errants, whose noble prototypes were the gallant followers of King Arthur's Round Table, rode about redressing the wrongs of injured persons and protecting widows and orphans from their cruel oppressor's hand. It was the bounden duty of every knight to practice faithfully the virtues of chastity, loyalty and temperance. The tie that bound chivalry and religion together was of the strictest order. One was inseparably joined to the other. Indeed, one was but the motive, the incentive for the other.

At his investiture the knight bound himself furthermore by his oath of chivalry to defend the rights of the Holy Church, to respect religious persons and institutions, and to obey the precepts of the gospel. What higher and nobler motives could inspire the knight to fight and die in such a righteous cause? And what did they not do in behalf

of and for the promotion of their religion. What Bayard, 'the knight without fear and without reproach,' The Duke of Nemours, and a host of other heroes, accomplished for their master, the king of France, that famous Castilian hero, the Cid Campeador effected for the Spanish throne. It may be true that, as later writers say, an intemperate and misguided zeal for their religion often led them to ridiculous extremes, such as the author of *Don Quixote* satirizes, but what institution possesses all perfect members? Thus the knight could by singular exploits against the infidels expiate misdemeanors and even crimes of his past life. In like manner, the Saracens believed that if they fell while bravely fighting, they merited a glorious immortality after death. Thus we see two chivalric orders, each governed by principles very closely resembling each other, battling against each other for the supremacy of Europe.

There is no subject, I think, against which more spleen has been vented by late writers than the Crusades. It is not my purpose to show in how far they may be justified, or in what respects they have erred. We know that the Crusades were instituted for the purpose of liberating the Christians in the East, who were groaning under the heavy yoke of the merciless Saracens. "But," as Baricho, a Spanish writer says, "would these Crusades have been crusades without chivalry?" Would the prince leave his palace and dominions to fight in a remote land in which no personal interest of his was at stake, and where he ran the

risk of perishing! Would the knight have enthusiastically followed his master simply because the lives of some Christian pilgrims were in danger, and from whom he could not expect any recompense whatsoever? It is true that the majority would not have been deterred by these arguments from joining the expedition, for the Saracen was their common enemy, and all Christendom should have united to crush him; but many would not have searched for further reasons, and would have been content to abide by these. Pope Urban II. in the Council of Clermont however inspired them in a strain of animated eloquence with different sentiments. "Warriors, listen to me," says he, "rejoice, for the time has now come for you to show your courage in the best of causes; the time has come for you to expiate by your generous exertions in a lawful war, the many acts of violence and injustice which you have committed even during peace. Go now, protect the people of God and defend your persecuted brethren against the implacable enemies of the Christian name." Then it was that people and nations were inflamed with chivalrous ardor. Armies sprang up and with them heroes as their leaders.

From this period also can we date the foundation of those noble orders, the Knights Templars and Knights Hospitallers, which continued for a long time to render inestimable good to all Christendom. As with every other institution so with chivalry we trace its course from its origin to its decline and sadly note its fall. The spirit of chivalry sunk gradually under a combination of

physical and moral causes; the first arising from the change gradually introduced into the art of war, and the other from the equally great alteration produced by time in the habits and modes of thinking in modern Europe. Chivalry began to dawn in the end of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century. It blazed forth with high vigor during the Crusades, which may be considered as exploits of national knight-errantry undertaken with the very same principles which actuated the conduct of individual knight adventurers. Its extinction was chiefly owing to gunpowder, which was first used in the battle of Crecy between the French and English. Another cause, and the principle one, were those bitter and lasting wars so inconsistent with military chivalry waged between England and France. Tournaments had long since been in disuse, as the fatal joust in which Henry II. met his death, had deterred other sovereigns from exposing their own lives and those of their knights to mere sport. In our own day we frequently see the brightest rays of chivalry burst forth from hidden gems of the Creator, which emit their heat and lustre around us, and we are obliged to admit, that though chivalry as an institution may be faded and dead, but as a characteristic it will never be extinguished.

F. DIDIER, '04.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

Far out from the foaming ocean
Sees the youth life's golden shore,
Sees the charming vegetation,
And his heart yearns more and more.

Now he moors his weather-beaten
Skiff upon the golden strand,
Walks among the shady alleys
'Mid these luxuries charming, grand.
Night o'ertakes him—still he travels
'Neath the clear and starlit sky;
Walked—and at the peep of morning
Desert land beheld his eye.

Raging surges, thund'ring billows
Swept the paradise away—
And his bark the tempest shattered,
Drifted to a lonely bay.

* * *

Thus the youth paints life before him
With the tints of paradise;
Be not thus deceived by seeming,
Open soon and wide thine eyes;
Too enchanting is the vision
Of our life when at the start,
And we hunt and chase a phantom,—
Disappointed,—breaks our heart.

But the "beach" is fair and charming,
All the rest is desert land;
There's no joy save when the star-light
Beams upon the barren sand.

X. J.

UNHAPPY ALMER

TWENTY years and more were still lacking to complete the nineteenth century, when the discerning traveler whose path chanced to cross the least known of the beautiful valleys of the Vosges Mts., would have been attracted by the sight of a rude hut leaning against a huge granite boulder, completely isolated from the more densely inhabited part of the valley. Beneath the thatched roof of this hut lived in all poverty a clock-maker, known to the population of the valley by the name of 'Gloomy' Almer. An only child was his joy and consolation on this earth, for his loving wife had been taken from his side about thirteen months previous. Almer was despised by the villagers, for they said, "it is dangerous to deal with a murderer's son." Were they right? Almer's father had been accused of murder, and although the evidences of guilt brought against him were only circumstantial, he was sentenced to death. To the simple-minded people of the valley his execution was sufficient proof of his guilt, for to them a decision of the village jury was something infallible. Thus it happened that Almer lived almost secluded from the world about him. Only once or twice a month he mingled with people, and that only on traveling to the nearest cities to sell his clocks and to procure victuals for himself and for his boy. Yes, only once or twice a month he conversed with people, for on Sundays Almer and his boy were always the last to enter

the old village church. There they could be seen kneeling in devout prayer near the holy-water font. But hardly had the priest given the blessing at mass, when they would leave and walk briskly towards their humble home to escape the despising looks of the rude villagers.

It was a brisk autumn morning when Almer was sitting in his gloomy room, carving a dial. As he was musing over the design to prove its symmetry, his little son Martin pulled him gently by the sleeve. With joyous mien he showed his father a small wooden clock-wheel into which he had with great care whittled some cogs. Almer looking down upon his darling son with great content, softly stroked his blond hair with his rude hand and murmured approvingly, "True, very fine, my boy." Then snatching his old canaster pipe from one corner of his mouth to the other, and puffing a few clouds towards the low and dark ceiling, he said, "You're really a marvel, boy, you'll be an artist some day." Then holding his hand over his little son (he was but a lad of six summers,) he continued: "When you're so tall, I'll take you to the city where you'll soon learn to sculpture and earn much money and be a great joy to me." Martin, too young to apprehend the meaning of his father, understood by the unusual smile on his face that he had pleased him. The child only asked, "But, father, when will I be that tall?" "Oh, that will only take a few short years," replied Almer. Then he taught the boy how to carve so as not to cut his tiny fingers, for he loved the boy as his own soul. After this

he again took up his clock-dial and continued his carving.

As the weather was rather chilly that day, Almer remained in his cottage till early in the afternoon. Then, accompanied by his little son, he crossed the scant lawn before his cottage and began chopping firewood in the bordering thicket. With ease he split the tough hemlock which he had cut into lengths the day before. But as he soon found some tougher and knottier pieces, he sent his boy to the cottage to bring the wedges which he had forgotten to take along. In the meantime Almer sat down and began to muse and figure how much his finished clocks would bring him and how much he would spend to procure victuals for his dear boy and himself, and how he would save money to give his boy a chance at sculpturing. Suddenly, however, he was disturbed by the report of guns. Almer's blood began to boil, for he knew the hunters to be noblemen from the nearby city. He hated them because the death of one of them had caused the execution of his father. Soon, however, his hatred changed into fear. Why, he could not explain. Would the nobles dare again into a region in which one of their rank had been killed? He knew they were mostly poor marksmen.

The report of the guns seemed to vanish more and more in the distance, further and lower into the valley. Yet he could not breathe freely. As he picked up his bundle of brush for warming his frugal supper, he looked through the opening of the woods along the path. Suddenly he was

startled by a roe that shot past him. He followed it with his eyes. Just as it was fleeing across the grass-patch before Almer's house to gain the opposite woods, a shot was fired, but the bullet missed its aim and pierced the body of little Martin, who dropped shrieking to the ground. He had just opened the door of the cottage to return from his errand. Almer, who saw the boy falling, dropped his bundle and ax, seized with terror. At first he could not move, he could only stare into space. Then in a few leaps he reached the side of the bleeding child. "Oh, my dear Martin," he moaned, "are you wounded?" The boy made no answer,—he was dead. Almer carried him to the cottage and placing him on his bed he wished to recall his Martin to life by all the names love and affection could suggest. But Martin would wake no more.

About an hour later a man carrying a heavy rifle under his arm entered the room. With trembling step he silently approached the bed-side where Almer was sitting, his face buried in his hands. He was just going to address Almer, when Almer, who suddenly sprang to his feet and holding his hand on the intruder's mouth, said in a hollow tone, "Quiet! keep quiet, for God's sake! He's asleep now, he is tired, they hunted him down all afternoon, but you see I brought him to the cottage so that they cannot hurt him. Ha, ha," he chuckled, "they cannot hurt my Martin, I will get my ax and protect him." And still laughing, he left the cottage, and ran into the woods. Poor, unhappy Almer!--The shock was too great for him—he had grown frantic—mad.

* * * *

Seven years after this doleful accident the following lines were to be read in an Elsacian newspaper:—*Poste des Vosges. Colmar, September 25, '89.*—"Yesterday, Mr. J. Villiers was set free after a seven years confinement at the state prison. For many years previous to his confinement he had been a poacher. He was accustomed to follow in the wake of the hunting-parties of noblemen. At the time of one of these parties, Villiers accidentally shot the child of a certain clock-maker, Almer. To escape punishment Villiers fled. Several months after the accident he chanced to read in an old newspaper the announcement of Almer's death caused by a stroke of apoplexy. Villiers then submitted to justice. But as the jury perceived in Villiers' confession the firm desire to lead a better life, they condemned him only to twelve years imprisonment. As Villiers however showed good deportment in his daily actions, he has been pardoned and again restored to liberty."

Egon J. Flaig, '03.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

OF all American poets that have acquired a national reputation, Poe stands in the foremost rank. The writings of this genius 'of strange and melancholy interest' as he is commonly styled, are so different from those of other poets as regards both their character and conception that they form a class of their own.

The charm of originality which his works bear and the individuality with which he treats all his subjects are the principal characteristics of Poe's works. His productions, especially those of his later life, are the very reflection of his own dreary, melancholy career.

Poe's writings, in order to be perfectly understood and duly appreciated, should be studied only after having arrived at a fair knowledge of his life and the motives for which he wrote. Hence a short extract of his life is subjoined.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, January 19, 1809. When two years old he was left an orphan. Mr. Allan, a friend of the family, adopted the child who was then six years old, and from his kind benefactor Poe received the name Allan. The year following the Allans made a tour in England and Scotland, leaving the lad at the Manor House School in Church Street, Stoke-Newington, England. At this school Edgar remained five years, when he was recalled home and placed in the academy at Richmond, Virginia.

Speaking afterwards of the happy days of his childhood at the academy in England, he exclaims. "*Oh, le bon temps, que ce siecle de fer!*" As is generally the case with boys, it appears that it was there, far away from home in the "broils," "pastimes" and "intrigues" very common in college-life, that Poe acquired the habit of card-playing and gambling, which afterwards developed into a firmly-rooted passion. This may probably have been the cause of his being recalled by his adopted father that at home he might be under his more

immediate supervision.

No doubt, Mr. Allan meditated a bright future for his beautiful and talented adopted son; and being in good financial standing, intended giving him a thorough education. But the youth now growing into manhood was inclined to cast a glance at his surroundings and listen to the promptings of his heart. His sensitive nature now began to show itself more strongly. Being "spoiled" by having been petted and his every wish granted when a boy, his nature could not well brook the idea of being now reprimanded and of having his will constrained. Although these corrections were no doubt well meant by Mr. Allan, and on the other hand well deserved by the youth, still he falsely believed this to be infringing on his personal liberty, and consequently the ties of affection that had bound him to his adopted parents were slowly but surely severing. It was then that his melancholy mood began to appear which ever afterwards was characteristic of him.

Having left the academy at Richmond, he expressed his wish to enter the military school at West Point. Accordingly he was placed into this school; but here he soon found that military regularity and promptness was very uncongenial to his taste, principally on account of the severe test to which the individual's will is placed. Hence, dissatisfied with the order of things, he deliberately occasioned his expulsion from that institution. Then followed the last rupture between Poe and Mr. Allan whereby all connection with the Allan family was forever severed. Thus the future poet was thrown

penniless on the cold waves of the wide world, condemned to 'paddle his own canoe.'

While brooding over his misfortunes brought upon himself mostly through his own fault and seeing himself friendless and without the means of subsistence, heir only to a strange melancholy, his imagination was now filling with the bitter dealings of an unmerciful world. Moreover, as it appears, he was sometimes afflicted with a partial derangement of the mind which occurred to him irregularly,—a misfortune which was very detrimental to his physical as well as to his intellectual powers. When in this state and even otherwise when free from it, he was generally downcast and melancholy, more an object of pity than reproach. Disinherited and deprived of those means on which he entirely depended, he saw no other alternative to success than to subsist on the efforts of his pen.

The proprietor of the Baltimore *Saturday Visitor* having offered a prize for the best prose story and the best poem, Poe sent in his poem "The Coliseum" and six of his stories. By one of his tales, the "MS. Found in a Bottle," he won the prize. This was the beginning of his success; and from now on we find him a constant contributor to the best known papers and magazines of his time, such as *The Southern Literary Messenger*; *New York Quarterly Review*; *Gentleman's Magazine*; *Graham's Magazine*, and a few others. By his various articles, tales and poems published in these several magazines, Poe established for himself an envied celebrity which gradually spread across the continent.

All of Poe's tales and poems are characterized by a wild, vigorous and truly poetical imagination, and a rich and fluent style. They are likewise marked by a singular originality rarely found to such a degree in many authors. Tennyson writes: "I know several striking poems by American poets, but I think that Edgar Poe is (taking his poetry and prose together) the most original American genius." Poe's fame chiefly rests on a few well known poems and tales. His most remarkable poem,—a production whose fame stands in literature on a firm pillar of its own, is without doubt "The Raven." In all American literature it would be hard to find a poem more finished and original, a poem more suggestive of the author's own nature and general bent of mind. As in all his other writings, in this one poem especially we see as through a thin veil Poe's vivid imagination, his melancholy spirits, his troubled conscience, his dreary life, nay, his very self.

Surely, such an incident of a raven's entering one's room in the dead of night and when least expected, could not fail to awaken in anyone some similar strange thoughts. There is a certain mysteriousness about the 'Ancient Raven' and the 'Nightly Shore' which makes us believe that the poet, not wishing to give credence to his eyes, thought the bird might be an evil spirit coming in the form of a raven:—

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou, I said, art sure no craven,
Gæstly, grim and ancient Raven,
Wandering from the Nightly shore!—"

Still more mysterious is the 'Nevermore' which the poet receives as answer to all his queries. It is as it were a solemn echo of his melancholy spirit, an echo of a sound that continually proceeded from his interior, and, finding a favorable medium through the raven, was thrown back with mournful exactness on the original point. The whole scene made such an impression on the poet that it remained engraven on his memory, as he states in the last line of the last stanza of his poem;—

"And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore."

Poe was in every sense of the word a genius. To be convinced of this we need but refer to that exquisite piece of art—"The Bells." Such a beautiful piece of poetry would alone be sufficient to make any poet renowned. Its lines run along in such a melodious flow that we cannot but admire the poet's keen sense of beauty. There is perhaps no other poem in all the literature of our language that can rival with it. Alfred H. Welsh says of it: "The Bells" is perhaps the rarest instance in the language of suggestiveness of rhyme and the power of onomatopoeic words." And Richard H. Stoddard prefers it even to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast."

As a prose writer Poe holds an enviable position. In all his "Tales" he exhibits a profound power of analysis and a wonderful ease of making improbable objects appear as real by a minute detail of circumstances. The "Purloined Letter",

and the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," are fine specimens of his prose writings. As in most of his poems so also in his tales, Poe reveals his own personal feelings. Griswold, his biographer says: "They (Poe's writings) never display reverence or remorse." To disprove this we need but read "The Tell-Tale Heart." In it we see the very picture of remorse. Though Poe is the best known and most appreciated of all American authors by Europeans, still he was slow to be acknowledged by his own countrymen. But as time rolled, on a new charm was discovered about Poe's writings, and his fame gradually increased so that a monument was finally erected upon his grave in Baltimore to perpetuate his fame. The inscription on the monument reads as follows:—

TO
EDGAR ALLAN POE

Author of the Raven
and other poems,
and of various works of Fiction.
Distinguished alike
for originality in the conception,
skill in word-painting,
and power over the mind or the reader,

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

of
Baltimore
admirers of his genius
have erected this monument.

Although gruesome and gloomy, Poe will always continue to be read by all lovers of genius.

R. H. Monnin, '03.

A DREAM.

From German by Heine.



A dream of awful mystery
Delighted me and frightened me,
It flits across my staring eyes,
My bosom heaves and sinks with sighs.

It was a garden fair and great,
Wherein I wished to ambulate:
Full many flow'rets gazed at me,
I looked at them with happy glee.

The birdies twittered high above
Their lively melodies of love;
The crimson sun aureol'd with gold
The blossoms paints with tints untold.

Sweet odors from the plantlets flow,
The zephyrs whisper soft and low.
All Nature clad in splendid light
An Eden seems of all delight.

Amid this flow'ry paradise
A marble fountain met mine eyes;
A modest maiden, fair no less,
Washed in the spring a whitish dress.

Her cheeks so sweet, her eyes so quaint,
With flaxen locks—a beauteous saint;
I looked again—the maid I see,
So strange, and yet well-known to me.

The maiden through the fountain spray
While washing sang this wondrous lay:
“Run, thou rivulet full of sheen!
Wash, oh, wash my linen clean.”

Near her I stood and had no fear
And whisper'd in her ivory ear:

“Oh, handsome, sweet and wondrous maid,
Tell me for whom the garb is made?”

“Soon be prepared, “she quickly said,
“It is thy garb, when cold and dead!”
Scarce o'er her lips the word had come,—
The picture melts like ocean foam.

And charmed as by a magic wand
Within a sombre woods I stand;
And skyward towered here the trees,
I stood amazed in balmy breeze.

But, hark! what dull and hollow peal
Of echo from a distant steel?
I sped thro' brakes at hurried pace,
And came into an open place.

In this delightful spot appeared
An oak whose mighty form I near'd.
Behold! my maiden, strange to tell,
Hews at the oak-tree, till it fell.

Blow on blow the axe she swings,
Stroke on stroke falls as she sings:
“Cutting steel, how bright thy shine,
Quickly timber me the shrine!”

I went and stood up to her side
And whisper'd in her ear: “Who died,
Thou star-eyed maiden mine?
For whom is made this oaken shrine?”

She quickly said: “The time is dear,
It is the wood, man, for the bier!”
The final word she scarce had said,—
The picture like a vision fled.

I saw a plain so far and wide,
Bleak heath around on every side;
In secret shiv'ring there I stood,
A frightful chill ran thro' my blood.

As pressing on my way I seek,
I see from far a shining streak:
I thither hastened eagerly,
Behold! that beauteous maid I see.

Upon the heath there stood the maid,
Dug deep into the ground her spade;
I scarcely dared to meet her face;
Though fair, a terror gave her gaze.

The gentle maiden worked along
And hums a strange, mysterious song:
"Spade, my spade! so sharp and wide,
Dig the grave for him who died!"

I now approached her stealthily,
And whispered: "Maiden, answer me,
Thou beauteous child, thou fairy queen,
Tell me, what does this grave here mean?"

"Be still," she quickly did resume,
"I've dug for thee thy deep, cool tomb!"
As thus replied the maiden fair,
I looked—behold! the grave was there!

As down I looked, I gave deep groans,
An icy chill went thro' my bones:
Into the dark, sepulchral night
I plunged—Awoke upon the sight.

X. J. '03.

THE SPECTER.

NIGHT has again thrown her dark mantle upon the earth and silence reigns supreme. Even in the great castle of Bodeau, where the mighty prince Ralph resides, all is quiet.

Though all the world rests, still in the mind of the great Ralph there is no peace, no tranquillity. To appease his uneasy conscience he proceeds to the little chapel. There before the statue of the Blessed Virgin he prostrates himself and earnestly prays. Now and then a long deep sigh escapes his lips.

At last as if he could bear his trouble no longer, he cries out, "Mary, help me a poor sinner." The echo of the words reverberate through the stillness of the chapel. A sound falls on his ears! He listens, the chapel clock is chiming out the mid-night hour. As the sound dies away a ghastly form like that of a specter slowly proceeds towards the prostrated body. It stops now and then as if through fear, or eagerly searching for someone. At length it recognizes the prostrated form and in a few moments is at the side of the prince. Lightly touching the shoulder of the royal personage, the specter in a low guttural tone says, "Ah! prince, do you know me?" at the same time throwing back the mantle, discloses to the astonishing Ralph a royal robe.

Seeing his victim tremble, the ghost continues, "You are in my power. I shall have revenge. Prepare thyself for death." In these agonizing

moments, trembling with fear the prince cries out, "Spare my life, for I know it — is — you —." He could not finish the sentence, for this severe trial caused him to swoon. When he regained consciousness, the apparition had disappeared and to his surprise morning was beginning to dawn.

* * * *

For several weeks Ralph was confined to his bed, caused by the ordeal he encountered with the specter. During his illness many visitors came to see him. Among these was a strange young man. After being admitted into the presence of the sick man, the stranger immediately began to inform the prince of his errand in the following manner. "As I passed through the little village, I heard the people speaking of your sickness and that the physicians were unable to help you. I therefore came here, thinking that I could be of some service to you."

"Indeed, you will be of great service," replied the distinguished patient, "but first allow me to ask your name and where you live."

"My name," responded the youth, "is Frank Trashaw. I have no home, for I was compelled to leave it when yet very young."

"This is too bad," answered Ralph, "but since you have no home, and if you so desire it, you can remain here in this beautiful mansion. Besides, you can be my servant."

This pleased the young man. He soon became of great service to his sick lord. It was through his timely efforts that his master rapidly recovered. The young man kept a watchful eye upon all the

actions of the prince. This led him to frequently ask, "My lord, what makes you so sad? I have never seen you cheerful and happy, though you have all you wish." The only answer he received was, "Please, do not speak thus to me. I beg you to pray for me."

* * * *

The young man had been a year in the service of this royal master. During all this time the prince nightly visited the chapel, but never did he again behold the specter. One evening while prince Ralph was leisurely strolling through his beautiful gardens, whom should he meet, but his faithful servant. "Frank, what brings you hither?" asked the prince.

The servant without hesitating said, "My lord, be not angry with me. I have waited here for you in order that I might speak with you."

"What is it that you wish to speak about?"

"My lord," began Frank, "did you ever have a relative that was very dear to you?" As he said these words he noticed that the prince began to blush and tremble.

Ralph after a few moments deliberation said, "Why do you ask this question?"

"My prince, be not offended at my question," interrupted the young man.

"Well Frank," replied the prince, "I did have one dear relative, but — he —." He could not finish but immediately began to sob, and so much so that the servant having pity on him said, "My lord, had I known that these words would bring grief to you, I would have remained silent. Be of

good cheer, for God will, no doubt, protect your dear relative if he still lives." Ralph buried his face in his hands and with a sigh said, "If it only could be true!"

When the royal personage again looked at the servant, he noticed that Frank's arms were bare and that he pointed to a scar on his right arm.

The prince could hardly believe himself, but gaining courage, he cried out, "Spare my life, I know I have wronged you." He could no longer restrain himself, but falling on his knees, he suppliantly looked at the servant. But Frank, who had unconsciously watched his master, now threw off his mantle and revealed to the astonished lord a princely robe. At the same time he said, "Remember this garment and how you were frightened at the sight of it? Long have I waited for this opportunity that I may again embrace you. Arise and be not afraid, for I forgive you, though you forced me unmercifully from this palace. Let us, dear brother, hereafter love each other in a Christian spirit."

The prince arose and kissed his brother's hand and said, "I now remember the garment which I beheld not long ago in the little chapel. I clearly see that you were this specter and that you warned me of your coming. I thank you, dear brother, and from henceforth you shall be my lord and I your servant." "No," responded his brother, "we shall live peaceably together."

JOSEPH A. BRAUN, '04.

MUSIC.

In the sacred realms of music
I was resting near a stream,
While the gently murm'ring wavelets
Lulled my spirits to a dream:
Methought I heard the ripples sing,
Like angel chimes the echo ring,
A song it seemed to Heaven's King.

Dimly gazing, I discovered,
Ah! a Maiden robed in white,
Blushing like the rose at morning
With the sunlight's gold bedight:
To her, to her, we ripples sing,
To her our angel chorus ring,
The Mother of our God and King.

All was ringing, all was singing,
Singing, ringing in my breast;
Ah! re-echo, sweetest music,
Like the music of the blest:
For her our carols ever ring,
Whose praise e'en angels love to sing,
The peerless Mother of our King.

A. A. Schuette, '03.

KINDNESS.

One gentle smile,
One tender word,
In short a while
Will dull the sword

That keenly and cruelly tortures the soul,
Refreshing the spirit and making it whole.
O Kindness, thou angel so simple and bright,
Oh, ever be present when cometh the night!

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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EDITORIALS.

We are now in the beautiful month of May, the month dedicated to the honor of the Blessed Virgin. Of all seasons of the year, this is the most happy both from a spiritual and temporal point of view. The May devotions held at this time should

not fail to excite in our hearts a firm confidence and tender love for the most solicitous of all mothers.

Nothing is more essential for the mental progress of the student than a spirit of good will towards his professors. If harmony does not prevail in the class-room, very little will be accomplished towards laying the foundation for future eminence in educational pursuits. The road to knowledge under its brightest and most favorable aspects is beset with many difficulties, and when there is not a mutual regard between professor and student, in other words, when the one pulls this way and the other that way, it is a practical impossibility to bring about any good results in this line when such a feeling is prevalent in a school or college. It should be the aim of all concerned to promote the cultivation of these boons, for their benefits will only be duly appreciated when we compare the disastrous effects which follow when a contrary condition of affairs exists.

What a desirable adjunct is the good conversationalist to society. How we long to be in the company of one who has the ability to converse entertainingly on various subjects of interest. Conversing with persons who have the faculty of carrying on a good conversation is not only a pleasure, but also an instruction. We get the benefit of the knowledge they acquired through travel and observation. We thus make our knowledge all the more valuable; for knowledge must be first tempered with conversation to be worthy of the name. It is, we may say, the finishing

touches put upon education. A good conversationalist is a sign of a cultured mind, for the rarity of these persons goes to prove that only the more fortunate are so blessed, for persons of only a fair faculty of discernment can readily distinguish a conversationalist from a babbler or a chatter-box. Though to be a good conversationalist is a gift, still we can improve our abilities along this line if we seek the company of those who are thus blessed, and no one will dispute the desirability of such a course, for it will enhance whatever other accomplishments we may have, and make our life all the more successful and satisfactory to ourselves and to those who have an interest in us.

The dedication ceremonies for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition were held at St. Louis a few days ago. The occasion was certainly commemorative of a great step in our national progress. Never was the United States so fortunate in securing territory at once so valuable and rich in natural luxuriance. Indeed, the resources and geographical position of these lands were so important to the interest of our country that we could not possibly have become the great nation that we are today had not this territory been acquired. As is often the case when a great change or innovation takes place in a government, many strenuously oppose any such action as being prejudicial to the best interests of the people. So it was in the time of the Louisiana Purchase. Jefferson who had done so much for the good of his country was sharply criticized for negotiating this Purchase. If at the time of the acquisition of this tract people thought

that the administration was making a grave mistake by such an action, the present generation, being familiar with the great value and extent of its resources, does not hesitate to pronounce this act of Jefferson one of his greatest feats of diplomacy, and one, too, that will always be applauded as one of the prime causes that have made the United States the rich, powerful and greatly admired nation that she is to-day.

Though it is not a law of ethics, nevertheless it seems to be a general case that the persons in abject poverty seem to attain to higher stations of excellence, responsibility and influence in the world than those that have been reared amid all the wealth and grandeur they could desire. It would seem therefore that wealth is rather a hindrance than an aid to advancement in the world. True, there are a few exceptions, but they only go to prove the rule. Indeed, if you examine the past history of all nations you will find that among the very wealthy class those who have become famous as sages, heroes, scientists, etc., form a minimum when compared with the numerous accessions to fame from the ranks of the poor and lowly. What explanation can be offered for this rather unnatural condition of affairs? Does it not warrant us in the assertion that during years of poverty and hardships our faculties of mind and body are so trained that we become better prepared to grapple with the problems that have engaged the attention of the world's great men? Would it not therefore appear that there is something radically wrong with the youthful training received

by the wealthy. They are indulged too much, too much regard is given to their whims and petty fancies and not enough stress laid upon the things that will serve them well when they must battle for themselves. That this is true few will deny. Many of us perhaps know from personal experience how utterly incompetent and impractical many young men and women of wealth and prestige are in accomplishing things which they must know at one time or other in their lives. Thus we see that it is not such a terrible thing, as some would have us believe, to be born poor and lowly, but on the contrary, in these the very germs of success and honor are contained, which will in due time not fail to assert themselves, but will come forth like a bud from a rose and blossom and spread in its surroundings a fragrance and delight that is cherished and emulated by the true and good of the world.

It is certainly very gratifying to the young men of this country to notice the consideration and encouragement given to them from all centers of activity. Our times are so progressive that a man in any line of business has to be constantly on the look-out if he wishes to conduct his affairs along the latest and best methods in vogue. And no one makes a more desirable aid to bring about these conditions than the intelligent and painstaking young man. Shrewd business men recognize this fact and are always seeking young men of intelligence, character and industry. Successful business men of our times owe much of their good fortune to able and efficient young men

assistants. While young men have not as a rule the mature judgment of their elder brothers, still their methods are generally of a later date and hence more practical and serviceable for life as we find it in the world to-day. Experience teaches that it is a very easy thing to get into a rut and remain in such a state without being conscious of the fact. Consult the great captains of industry in the United States, and in nearly every case they will tell you that one of the prime causes of their success was the acquisition of a number of young men for the management of their affairs. Older minds carry conservatism to an extreme. They cannot easily be persuaded that any deviation from the course and methods they have pursued for years past will bring about an improvement in any line. Here is where their folly asserts itself. Some go even so far as to spurn the opinion of a young man. Such persons that thus give themselves over to prejudice, gradually fall deeper and deeper in their errors, until they are no longer in the race for a fair share of patronage in the business world. Only the wide-awake, progressive business man, one alive to all the most feasible methods of commercial enterprise, one who associates with himself alert and enthusiastic young men, can expect to win success in any branch of industry, for the tendencies of our age are such that only the fittest can survive the test of unlimited competition.

claims to be only an "embryo," is quite independent and tells his college friends in a very peremptory way: "We do not want to exchange with everybody—only with those who wish to exchange with us." Do we wish to exchange with you?—No.—Well, yes, you may send your paper. There is a certain something, however, uppermost in our thoughts, as some well-developed ex-man would say, an idea of which we desire to unburden our mind. In our opinion, college journalism possesses a sufficient number of "Collegians" now, and we do hope that you are the last friend of that title. Too many birds of a feather, we fear, will *not* flock together.

The other journal that we likewise gladly welcome to our Sanctum is *The Institute Echoes*. Interesting and timely is the article, "The Education of Woman", contributed by an Alumna. The writer discusses in a very able manner the bane and disadvantage of co education. She emphasizes particularly that woman has a different purpose of existence than man, and that, therefore, the same training is not suitable to both sexes, a mistake of which co-education is guilty.

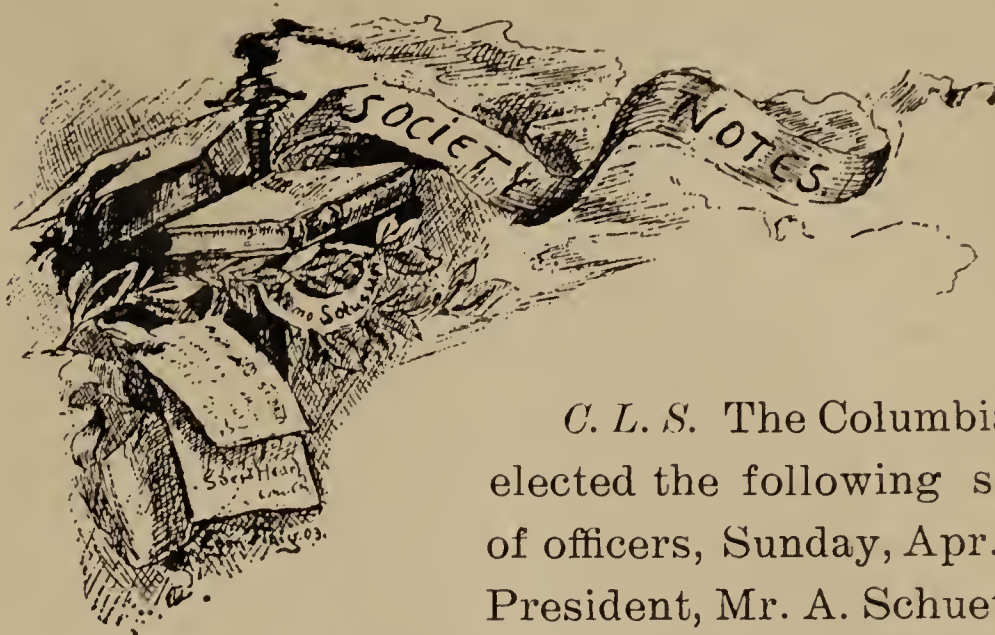
In the April *Dial* the ex-man complains of the scarcity of poems in his exchanges, for "there is nothing better calculated to give facility of expression than good verse writing." We agree with him. The *Dial* staff is certainly doing justice to this part of their journal. In the number before us, the poetic department is devoted almost exclusively to honor the white Shepherd of Christendom. Their characteristic feature is smoothness of rhythm

and variety of metre. "The Papacy" we consider the better of the two articles. It is a bird's-eye view of the accomplishments of the Papacy, depicting especially Rome's dependence upon its Popes, their work in civilizing the world and cultivating science and art.

We wish to commend the three compositions in the *Abbey Student* on James Russel Lowell. The first essay is a biographical sketch; the second an interesting disquisition on Lowell's religious belief as manifest from his works, whilst in the last article the writer dwells chiefly on the poet's love of nature and minute observation. For these we have only praise. Robierre however the villian, as we may call him, in the "Evil Eye" is given a disposition that is too gloomy and wicked to be natural in a boy. Your poems, *Abbey Student*, though musical and otherwise beautiful, are sorely deficient in variety of structure. Excepting "Easter Lilies" and "The Cross," they are all written in common metre. Even in these the change is insignificant. The former is merely trochaic tetrameter verse and in the latter the second and fourth lines instead of being iambic trimeters are iambic tetrameters.

With more than ordinary pleasure we have read the Easter number of the *Leaflets From Loretto*. Essay and story are well proportioned. The poetry too is exceptionally sweet, though the Muse is allotted a rather small corner. We would likewise suggest that the *Leaflets* be published monthly, or at least bi-monthly. In its present form it is too bulky.

A. A. SCHUETTE, '03.



C. L. S. The Columbians elected the following staff of officers, Sunday, Apr. 26, President, Mr. A. Schuette; Vice-President, Mr. F. Didier; Secretary, Mr. H. Muhler; Treasurer, Mr. R. Halpin; Critic, Mr. I. Wagner; Marshall, Mr. M. O'Connor; Editor, Mr. V. Meagher; Executive Committee, Messrs. C. Daniel, J. Braun, J. Steinbrunner.

The members of the society rendered two very creditable programs on Sunday, April 5, and Sunday, April 19, respectively. The following is the program for April 5, :—

Music, "Sweet Auburn Waltzes,"....Prof. B. Dentinger,.....Band

Recitation, "Marmion and Douglas,"...Mr. C. Daniel

Debate, "Resolved: That the Expectation of Reward is a Greater Incentive to Exertion than the Fear of Punishment." Aff. M. Bodine, F. Wachendorfer.

Neg. M. O'Connor, A. Scheidler.

Music, "Zither Solo,".....Mr. X. Jaeger

Humorous Recitation, "Adventures of Pat. O'Hara,"

..... Mr. B. Quell

Select Reading, "The Mule and the Bees,".....

.....Mr. A. Schaefer

Music, Violin Solo, "Hail Columbia with Variations,"

Mr. C. Myers accompanied by J. Notheis.

Farce, "A Live Stiff,"..... Messrs. R. Rath,
M. Schumacher, and M. Shea
 Music, "Audrey March,"..... College Band.

On April 19, the following selections were rendered:—

Music, "Echoes,".....College Band
 Recitation, "The Main Truck,"..... J. Lang
 Declamation, "The Twilight,"..... J. Sullivan
 Debate, "Resolved: That Richard III. was a better
 monarch than Charles II." Aff. B. Wellman, V.
 Meagher. Neg. L. Monahan, M. Helmig.
 Music, March,..... Band
 Humorous Recitation, "Uncle Henry,"...J. Notheis
 Select Reading, "That Hired Girl,".....C. Myers
 Essay, "Tamerlane,".....Mr. W. Scheidler
 Zither Solo,.....Mr. X. Jaeger
 Columbian Paper,.....Mr. J. Jones.

Both programs were entertaining and were well appreciated.

A. L. S. The Aloysians have also been very active during the past few weeks. Sunday, April 19, they elected the following very able staff of officers:—President, Mr F. Gribba; Vice-President, Mr. J. Costello; Secretary, Mr. Jas. Sullivan; Treasurer, Mr. J. Burke; Marshall, Mr. J. Miller; Librarian, Mr. P. Thom; Editor, Mr. N. Allgeier; Executive Committee, Mr. J. McCarthy, Chairman, Messrs. C. Boeke and C. Fisher.

Thursday evening, April 7, the Aloysians rendered the following program:—

Oration, "Toussaint L'Ouverture,".....F. Gribba
 Comic Recitation, "Carving the Turkey," D. Fitzgerald
 Select Reading, "Education,".....J. O'Donnell
 "Aloysian,".....C. Fisher
 Debate, "Resolved: That Washington deserves more

honor for liberating his country than Columbus did for discovering America." Aff. C. Sankot. Neg. E. Howe
Music, Piano Solo,..... Mr. J. Lang

Farce, "Quarrelsome Servants."

Mr. Jenkins,.....P. Miller
Billy Buttercup,.....L. Bergman
Jeremiah Beettop,.....J. Weber.

The following members of the Aloysians appeared on a program, April 26, :—

Oration, "Knowledge is Power,".....Jas. Sullivan
Recitation, "In die Mornin',".....M. Lang
Recitation, "Finnigan and Flannigan,".....R. Ottke
Declamation, "The Young Orator,".....G. Ruppert
Violin and Piano Duet,.....I. Weis and M. Lang
Declamation, "My Schoolmaster's Grave,"....C. Conlon
Debate, "Resolved: That Poverty causes more crime than Riches." Aff. J. Miller. Neg. P. Thom.

Farce, "The Dutchman in Ireland."

Gerald. An Irish man,....E. Howe
Major, Dutch Officer,.....C. Sankot
Phelum, Irish Servant,....P. Miller.

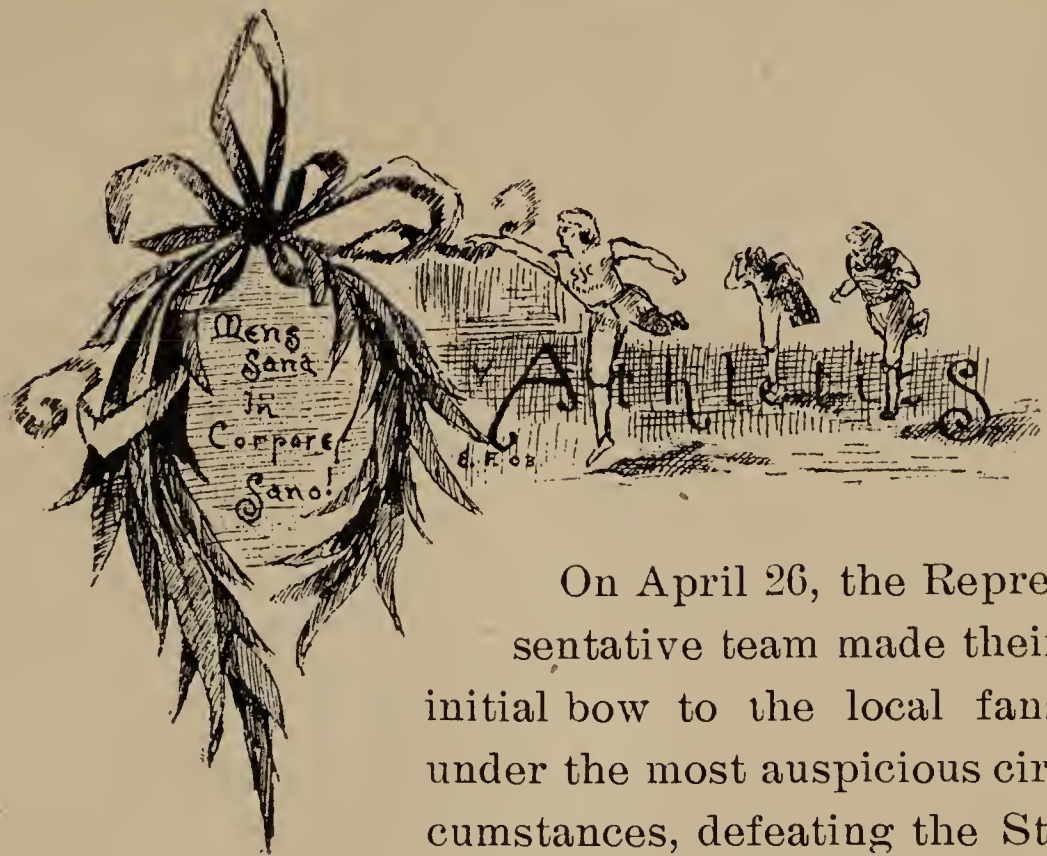
That the Aloysians have begun to present semi-monthly programs besides their regular meetings shows a very praiseworthy spirit. Continue boys, and cultivate a taste for solid and more pretentious literary work. I. W., '04.

NEW PUBLICATION.

The Sheriff of the Beech Fork, from the able pen of Henry S. Spalding, S. J., is diffused on various pages with Catholic sentiments and instructions. The style is easy, agreeable and simple. The story

takes its origin in North Central Kentucky, near the banks of the Beech Fork River, in 1815. Here in the genial sunbeams and amid the fragrance of blooming poplars reared the Howard Manor where Mr. Richard Lane, the hero of the story, was engaged as a laborer. He acts as captain on a raft, called the *Woodruff*, which starts down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers for New Orleans during the month of May, 1815. Owen Howard, son of Zachary Howard, the proprietor, Martin Cooper, cousin to the former, and Mose, a servant of Zach, accompany the *Woodruff*. After severe hardships and many fruitless attempts by Cyrus Appleway, Coil Sanders and Antonine Gnibean to rob the raft, it at last reaches New Orleans. The small crew returns late in September, just in time for Mr. Lane to have his first political speech, having been chosen by Squire Grundy as candidate for the Sheriff of Nelson County. Will Mudd, Lane's opponent, is defeated and everywhere re-echo the words, "*Hurrah for the Sheriff of the Beech Fork!*" The interest of the reader is sustained throughout the many pages, and the humorous brogue of Mose, Uncle Pius and Aunt Margaret, even in the most solemn, dangerous and exciting scenes, greatly enhance the story's beauty and relieve the reader. The various characters are well depicted. Moreover, the piety of Owen and Martin and the conversion of Lane will undoubtedly serve as an incentive to many. We therefore highly commend the work to all, deeming it well worth the required price. Benziger Bros. Price 85 cts.

W. G. SCHEIDLER, '05.



On April 26, the Representative team made their initial bow to the local fans under the most auspicious circumstances, defeating the St. Xaviers in a rather close and interesting game. Both sides played up to the standard, but the "Reps" had a trifle the better of the argument both in the field and at the bat.

Didier, the new twirler, for the "Reps" made his debut in this game and pitched one of the best games ever seen on our diamond. He allowed but three hits, while thirteen of the St. Xaviers failed to solve the intricacies of his curves.

Monnin was not in his usual good form and he was touched up rather lively by the "Reps," eleven safe ones were secured off his delivery, while seven failed to connect.

The Representatives commenced their scoring in the second inning and kept the lead throughout. The score was close till the eight, when Monnin allowed two hits successively, thereby allowing three men to cross the rubber.

J. T. Sullivan was conspicuous for his work at the stick, pounding Monnin for three safe hits, one advancing him to the second cushion. Koenig and Kocks put up the best game for the St. Xaviers.

The score and summary are:

Representatives— 0 1 2 2 0 0 0 3 x —8

St. Xaviers — 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 —3

Batteries—"Reps."—Didier and Myers. St. Xaviers—Koenig, and Monnin. Struck out—by Didier, 13; by Monnin, 7. Base on Balls—off Didier, 3; off Monnin, 4. Errors—"Reps.", 3; St. Xaviers, 3. Time of game—1:45. Umpire—Rev. B. Bessinger, C. PP. S.

Since the base-ball season has begun in earnest, the management becomes aware of the lack of support given to the team by the alumni. The teams start out with the greatest hope of success and fully confident of winning at least the majority of their games. But when the team sees that little or no interest is manifested by the alumni, then their own ardor cools and the result is a losing season for St. Joseph's. It is hardly necessary to maintain an athletic column in our journal if the same is not appreciated. We hope that in the present season this negligence will be remedied and more substantial support given the boys in their endeavors to uphold the name and glory of their Alma Mater in the athletic field. And to the students themselves a word of advice would not be amiss.

While we fully appreciate the good spirit already shown the teams, yet we cannot help noticing that there are a few whose sole aim and ambi-



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THE REPRESENTATIVE TEAM OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

tion seems to be a continual desire to "knock" upon the team. Such "knockers" we scorn and hold in contempt, for they not only make themselves unpopular with their fellow-students, but they also show a spirit that is unbecoming a gentleman and much less a student that has the interest of his Alma Mater at heart. Instead of continually finding fault with the team, rather let them 'get together' and by their encouragement and hearty rooting help to win the games, for on the rooters depend in a large measure the defeat or victory of the team.

Our schedule to date is as follows:

April 26th — Inter-Hall — College grounds.

May 3th — St. Xaviers — College grounds.

May 6th — Lowell, Ind. — Rensselaer.

May 16th — St. Vincents — Chicago.

May 17th — Inter-Hall — College grounds.

May 20th — St. Vincents — Rensselaer.

May 24th — Inter-Hall — College grounds.

May 27th — Lowell — Lowell, Ind.

May 30th Pending.

June 1th — Lafayette — Lafayette.

June 6th — St. Ignatius — Rensselaer.

June 13th Pending.

Arrangements are being made with Delphi for two games, but the dates have not as yet been settled. We will probably play Rensselaer some time in the latter part of May or the first of June.

Wednesday, April 29, the keen rivalry between the Victors and Jockeys was terminated by the game between these two teams in which the Victors were successful. Taken from all standpoints

the game was fast and close till in the fifth inning when the Jockeys arose in the old time inflated machine and allowed six men to cross home plate. The Victors were erratic at times but quickly recovered themselves. Allgeier wielded the stick with good effect, while Fitzgerald's fielding was of the spectacular order. Cook's work behind the bat was especially praiseworthy while Steinbrunner showed a good eye in batting.

The summary:

Victors — 0 1 0 1 6 1 1 2 x—12

Jockeys — 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 2—7

Batteries—Victors—Steinbrunner and Cook; Jockeys—Vurpillat, Freiburger and Rieman. Time of game 1:55. Umpire—Rev. B. Besinger.

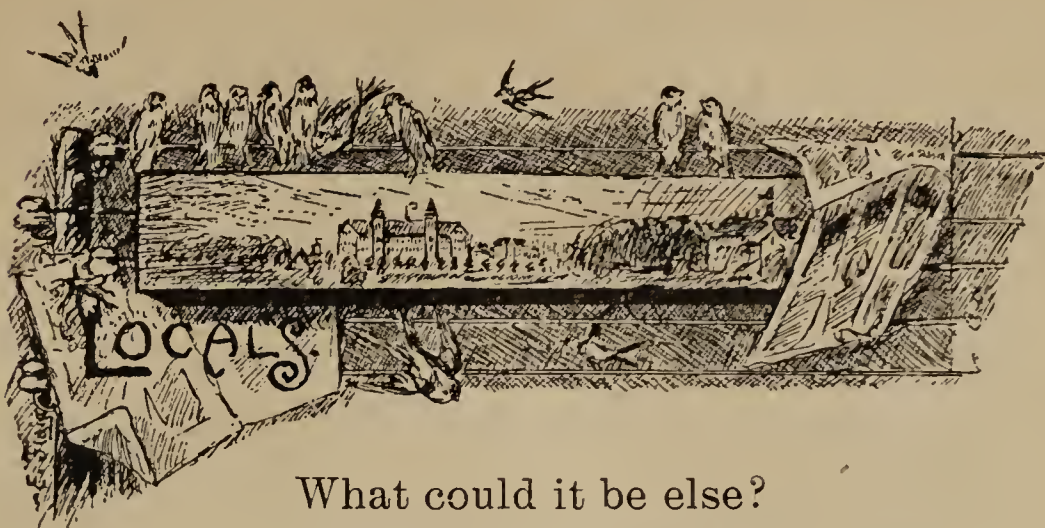
PERSONALS.

Rev. M. Dentinger, C. PP. S., of Pulaski, Ind., was a welcome visitor at St. Joseph's during the past month.

Rev. C. Daniel, '96, C. PP. S., of Sedalia, Mo., visited his many friends at Alma Mater on April 30th.

The following relatives of the students spent Easter Sunday at the College: Mrs. J. Carlos and daughter, Connersville, Ind. Mrs. J. Mason and son, Decatur, Ind. Mrs. Howe and daughter, Valparaiso, Ind. Master W. Monahan, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Weber, of LaPorte, Ind., paid a short visit to their son on Sunday, Apr. 26.



What could it be else?

Can't you get onto that quiet!

Terence—Why do John and Knapke resemble leaning towers of Pisa?

Zip—Who always gets at the bottom of things—Because they are taller than their shadow.

'Bashful' says Joe Bryan can't hear unless he has his glasses on.

Go to Paul Welsh, the joke explainer, when you have any doubts in this line of business.

The smokers here of late need not open the windows of their room to let the light in.

Some time ago it was go to chapel for singing, but now it is go to chapel for sleeping over time.

'Gloomy Gus' says he brings himself in two spikes stuck into a pumpkin.

J. Saccone is beating time for the Voluteers. He is doing well for a beginner.

Since Capt. Irish received a fracture of the hand, 'Stieny' is pitching for the Victors.

Some one said 'Stieny' couldn't throw a strike in seven weeks.

Who said that 'Frenchy' could not pitch for the 'Reps,' and get the bumpers after the game?

Look out for your overshoes when Ludger is around. He knows that rubber will stretch.

The acrobats have formed a trust on their present appellation is the Gas-pipe Co.

Paul says that perseverance and a good appetite will bring anybody through this world.

Nil novi sub sole, I don't know nothing under the sun.

Don't chew the rag, for no one will pay the doctor bills if you get the lock-jaw.

Louis Bergman will be the pennant-bearer for the Volunteers this spring.

Dignitas, alias, 'Nig' was fined five dollars and costs for trespassing on the personal property of another fellow.

Mac's latest literary production is a short tale entitled "The Hen-House; or, the Fate of two Fowlers."

Hurrah for the Volunteers!

Get together, Volunteers, and keep up the reputation gained by the Volunteers of last year!

Don't M. Bodine, the oriental beauty, look sporty with his little black hat stuck on the back of his curly pate.

Doggie Keller—What became of your four pound pack of Duke's Mixture?

Cook—It went up in smoke.

Anthony Sutter expounding on the art of writing in regard to the muscular movement says, "You can acquire a graceful movement by a continual practice of drawing square circles."

The C. L. S. wish to express their thanks to R. Rath, of the St. Xavier Hall, for his donation of Dante's Inferno to the reading room.

Mr. Bodine, the deep thinker who hears with his eyes and sees with his ears, while philosophizing finally concluded that the cube of one is three.

Albert swinging his hands before Richard's face, "I bet I can memorize you." Richard thought he meant mesmerize.

Karl Mai, alias Fidelis, in the literary world, pointing with a complacent grin on his visage to the author's famous works, "*I wrote them.*"

Prof.—Sankot, what is a blacksmith? Sankot—I suppose he's a nigger having the name of Smith.

The person that answers the following correctly will receive any amount of table paper from the editor. Why is a crow such a brave bird?

"What makes you look so hungry?" Grube—Well I guess you'd look hungry if some one had kicked you in the stomach.

J. Grobmyer was called to his home in Carrolton, Ky., a few weeks ago on account of the illness of his mother, but has since returned and reports his mother as much improved.

Major McGill has a company of twenty four together known as the Volunteers. He is confident of the greatest success, having men who are willing to drill and who enter the practices with heart and soul.

The following are the officers of the Raleigh Smoking Club, elected at a meeting held a few

days ago: Pres., Chas. Daniel; Vice Pres., C. Myers; Marshal and Treasurer, E. J. Cook, Esq.

Our kind Rector has purchased a new drum for the Volunteers. No doubt they will be able to keep better step to the beat of the new drum.

“*Uebung macht den Meister*,” said Willibald at the dinner table. Albin did not know whether it was the *Uebung* of eating or that of the mellifluous German language.

P. Peifer—Will you trade me two nickels for a dime?

Bergman—No, thanks, I don't want to “flim” you.

The boast of the acrobats is that only model students belong to the *Verein*, and still they wonder why no one joins their ranks. Why, dear acrobats, it is because no one thinks himself good enough.

Benno says, “Baldheadedness is like predestination. No use swallowing dozens of bottles of patent hair tonic to avoid any predisposition to it.” We know that he is not preaching for nothing.

“There is nothing like getting your picture taken,” says Camillus, “for you don't know how much people would like to see your face once more if you were to choke or drown or get killed some way.”

With the advent of May came also its beautiful devotions for the students of St. Joseph's. Every Sunday evening when Nature permits, a procession of all the inmates of the College is

formed, which marches to the Grotto, praying and singing canticles to Our Lady of Refuge. Boys, cherish this devotion.

The other day 'Shakespeare' captured a snake and was soon surrounded by a group of boys who were trying to make out its identity. After all the species of snakes from the boa constrictor to the garden snake had been named without apparently satisfying its captor, 'Shakespeare' struck it a heavy blow on the head with a stick and decided the matter: "I'll tell you what, it is a *dead* snake."

Mr. Ben P. Gast, who for the past four years has been employed at St. Joseph's Brotherhouse as a printer, has severed his connection with that establishment. Mr. Gast had charge of most of the typographical work of *The Collegian*, and the present staff of editors especially feel grateful to him for his efforts to make our journal a neat and attractive one. His many friends at St. Joseph's wish him success in his future occupation.

CARD OF THANKS.

The inmates of St. Joseph's wish to express their sincere thanks to Rev. William Schmidt, of Muncie, Ind., for presenting the College with a valuable St. Bernard dog. The thoughtfulness of the Rev. Father in sending us the fine animal is much appreciated by his many friends at St. Joseph's, and we assure the donor that the gift was a most *timely* and welcome one.

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, B. Holler, R. Monnin, A. Schuette, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, I. Wagner, B. Alt, C. Grube, F. Didier, H. Muhler, E. Cook, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, M. Bodine, F. Wachendorfer, W. Scheidler, A. Scheidler, R. Schwieterman, B. Wellman, M. O'Connor, J. Diemert, E. Pryor, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fischer, J. McCarthy, N. Keller, J. Schmitt, E. Freiburger, E. Vurpillat, C. Boeke, C. Daniel, F. Gribba, D. Fitzgerald, N. Allgeier, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, E. Kocks, A. Schaefer, A. Linnemann, A. Delaney, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, J. Costello, W. Hoffman, G. Meier, J. Miller, W. Rieman, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, M. Schumacher, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghaus, J. Lieser, A. Sutter, B. Schmitz, J. Jones, J. Lang, P. Carlos, C. Myers, A. Birkmeier, J. O'Donnell, J. Ramp, J. Sullivan, A. Sherrieb, P. Miller, J. Saccone, E. Barnard, C. Sankot, J. Bryan.

90-95 PER CENT.

W. Flaherty, J. Braun, V. Sibold, L. Monahan, M. Shea, J. A. Sullivan, T. Quinlan, E. Grimme, P. Thom, M. Lang, P. Peiffer, J. Notheis, J. Burke, R. Ottke, J. Hunt, C. Mason, A. Saccone, G. Rupperr, J. Wiese, J. Weber, J. Grobmyer.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, B. Holler, R. Monnin, A. Schuette, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, F. Didier, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, I. Wagner, C. Grube, E. Lonsway, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, M. Bodine, F. Wachendorfer, R. Schwieterman, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, R. Rath, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fischer, C. Boeke, C. Daniel, F. Gribba, I. Collins, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, A. Linneman, R. Beck, P. Peiffer, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, J. Notheis, J. Lieser, A. Sutter, B. Schmitz.

84-90 PER CENT.

B. Alt, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, A. Scheidler, V. Sibold, M. Shea, V. Meagher, E. Vurpillat, D. Fitzgerald, N. Allgeier, O. Hentges, F. Kocks, C. Kloeters, J. Costello, W. Hoffman, E. Howe, J. Miller, A. Scherrieb, T. Coyne, M. Schumacher, H. Dahlinghaus, J. Jones, P. Carlos, C. Myers, A. Birkmeier, J. Burke, R. Ottke, J. Sullivan, L. Bergman, P. Miller, J. Saccone, C. Sankot, J. Wiese, J. Weber.